

From The Pages Of The BOYS™

HEROOGASM



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From The Pages Of **The BOYS™**

HEROGASM™

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.



Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys.**

Story by:
GARTH ENNIS

Letters by:
SIMON BOWLAND

Pencils by:
JOHN MCCREA with
KEITH BURNS

Colors by:
TONY AVIÑA

Inks by:
KEITH BURNS with
JOHN MCCREA

Cover by:
DARICK ROBERTSON

The Boys Created By:
ENNIS & ROBERTSON



FOR DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT

NICK BARRUCCI • PRESIDENT
JUAN COLLADO • CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER
JOSEPH RYBANDT • EDITOR
JOSH JOHNSON • CREATIVE DIRECTOR
JASON ULLMEYER • GRAPHIC DESIGNER



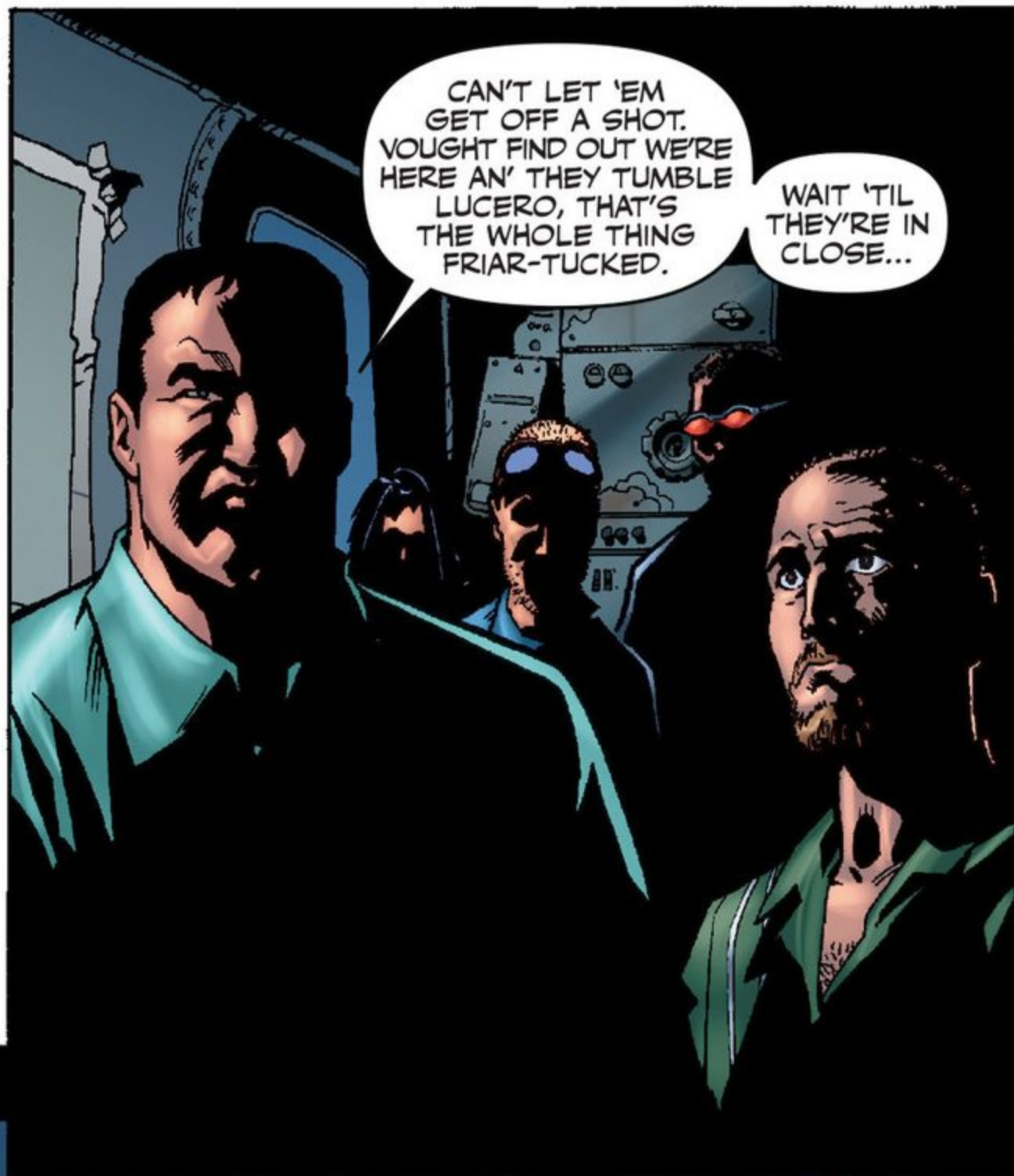
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THIS
MIGHT BE
TRICKY.



CAN'T LET 'EM
GET OFF A SHOT.
VOUGHT FIND OUT WE'RE
HERE AN' THEY TUMBLE
LUCERO, THAT'S
THE WHOLE THING
FRIAR-TUCKED.

WAIT 'TIL
THEY'RE IN
CLOSE...

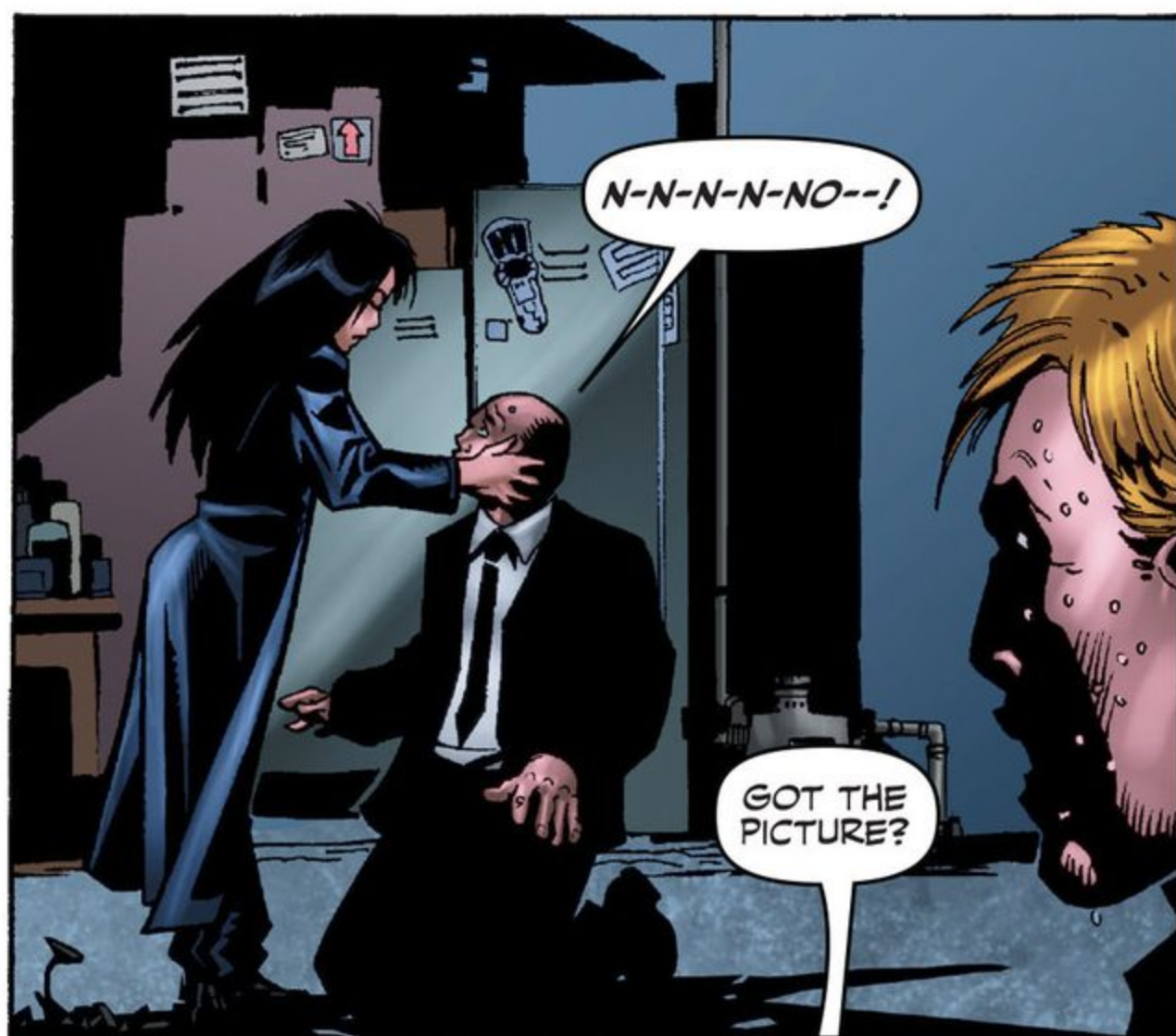


DO NOT
FUCKING
MOVE.



WEAPONS
DOWN.
DOWN.

I'LL DROP
YOU MERC SONS
OF BITCHES IN A
HEARTBEAT, DON'T
FUCKING THINK
I WON'T...

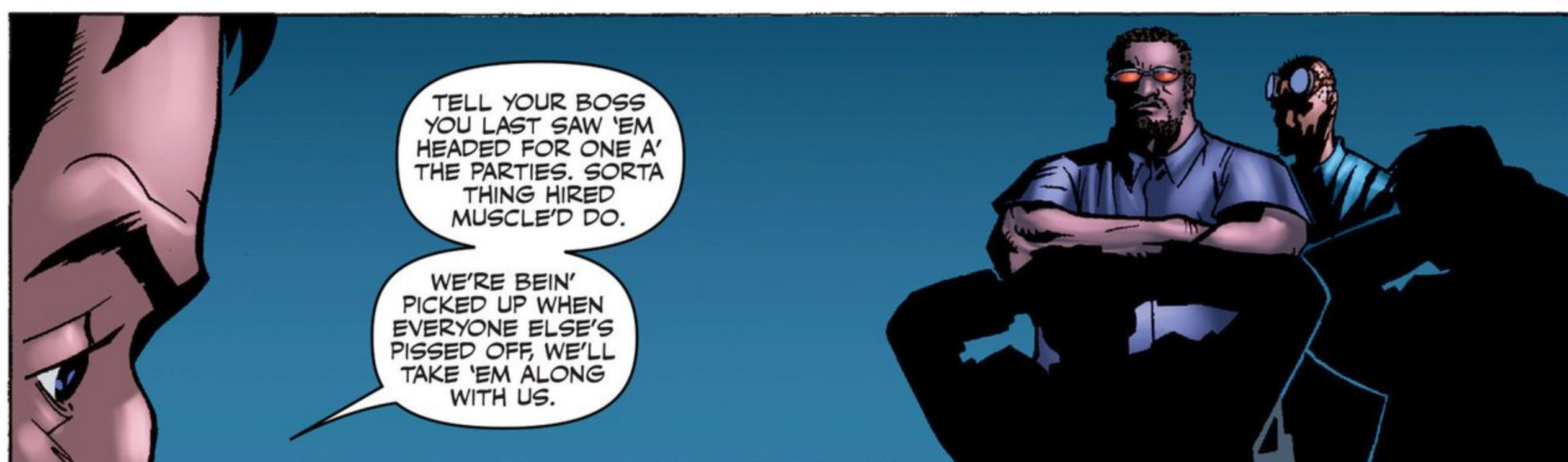




RIGHT, THEY'RE YOURS. STICK 'EM IN THE DAKOTA FOR NOW.

JUST MAKE SURE THEY CALL IN ON TIME, WE DON'T WANT GODFREY TELLIN' THE VOUGHT BLOKE SOMETHIN'S UP...

WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE LEAVING IN THE MORNING, WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEY DON'T SHOW?



TELL YOUR BOSS YOU LAST SAW 'EM HEADED FOR ONE A' THE PARTIES. SORTA THING HIRED MUSCLE'D DO.

WE'RE BEIN' PICKED UP WHEN EVERYONE ELSE'S PISSED OFF, WE'LL TAKE 'EM ALONG WITH US.



LISTEN... I KNOW I'M ASKING A LOT, BUT...

SAVE IT.



YOU'D BETTER BE RIGHT ABOUT THIS.



WE REALLY TAKIN' THE FOUR O' THEM BACK WITH US?

EEEEYYAHHHH, STICK THE KETTLE ON, EH?

WELL, OLD
COMRADE, SO
ENDS ANOTHER
EXCITING
HEROGASM...!

MM.

MM-HM.
RIGHT.

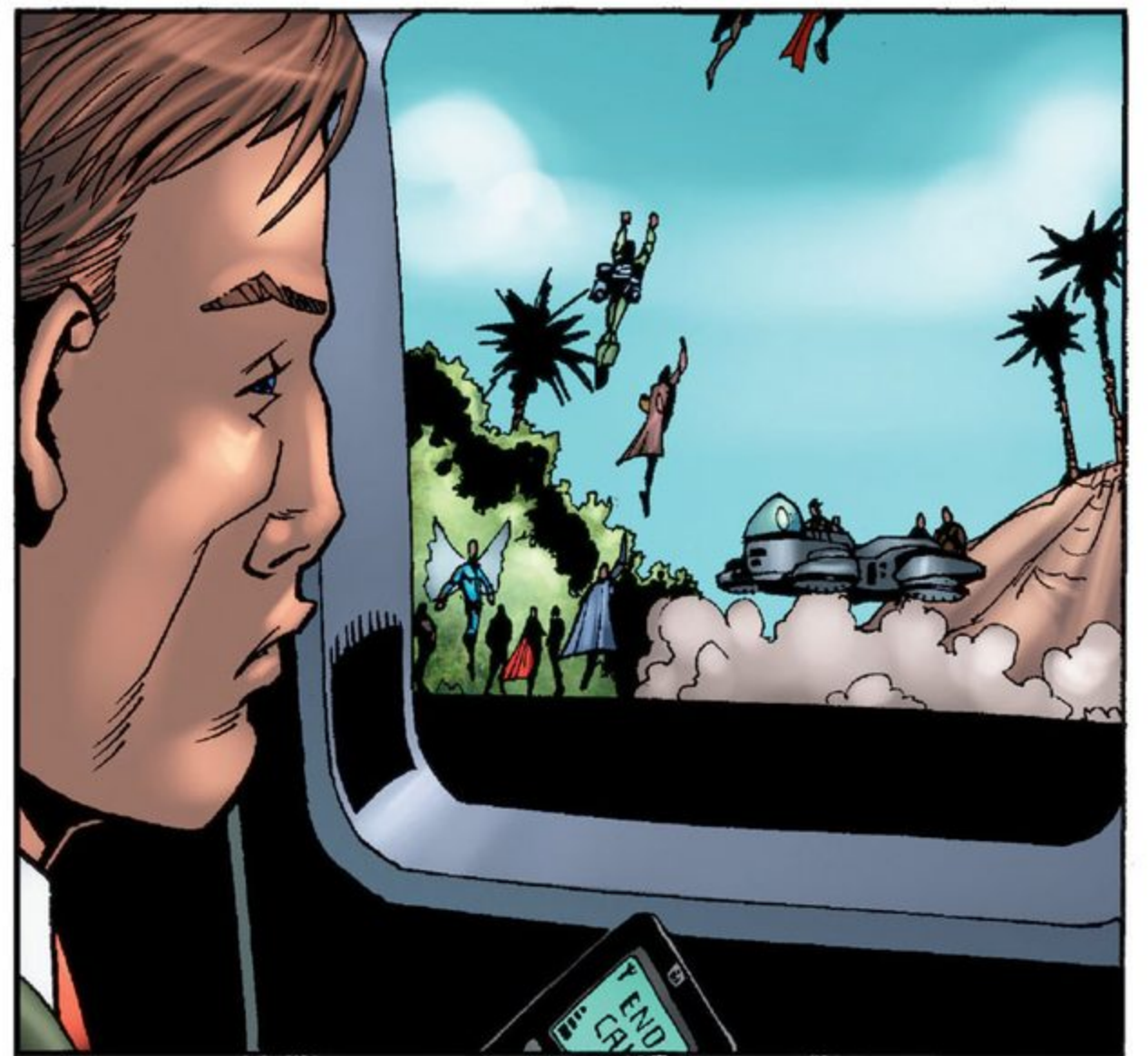
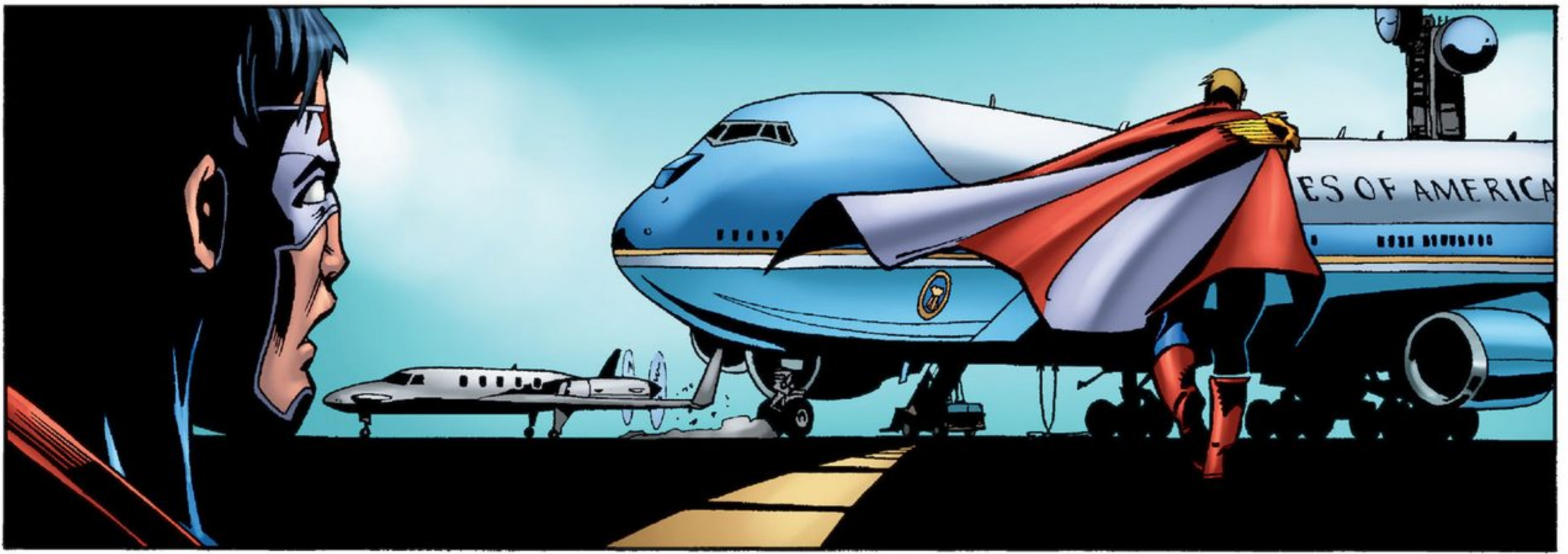
AND ANOTHER YEAR
OF ADVENTURE MUST PASS
BEFORE WE MEET AGAIN.
OR MUST IT? MIGHT FATE
FLING US TOGETHER ONCE
MORE, SOONER RATHER
THAN LATER?

MIGHT WE...
MEET...TO TALK
ABOUT...

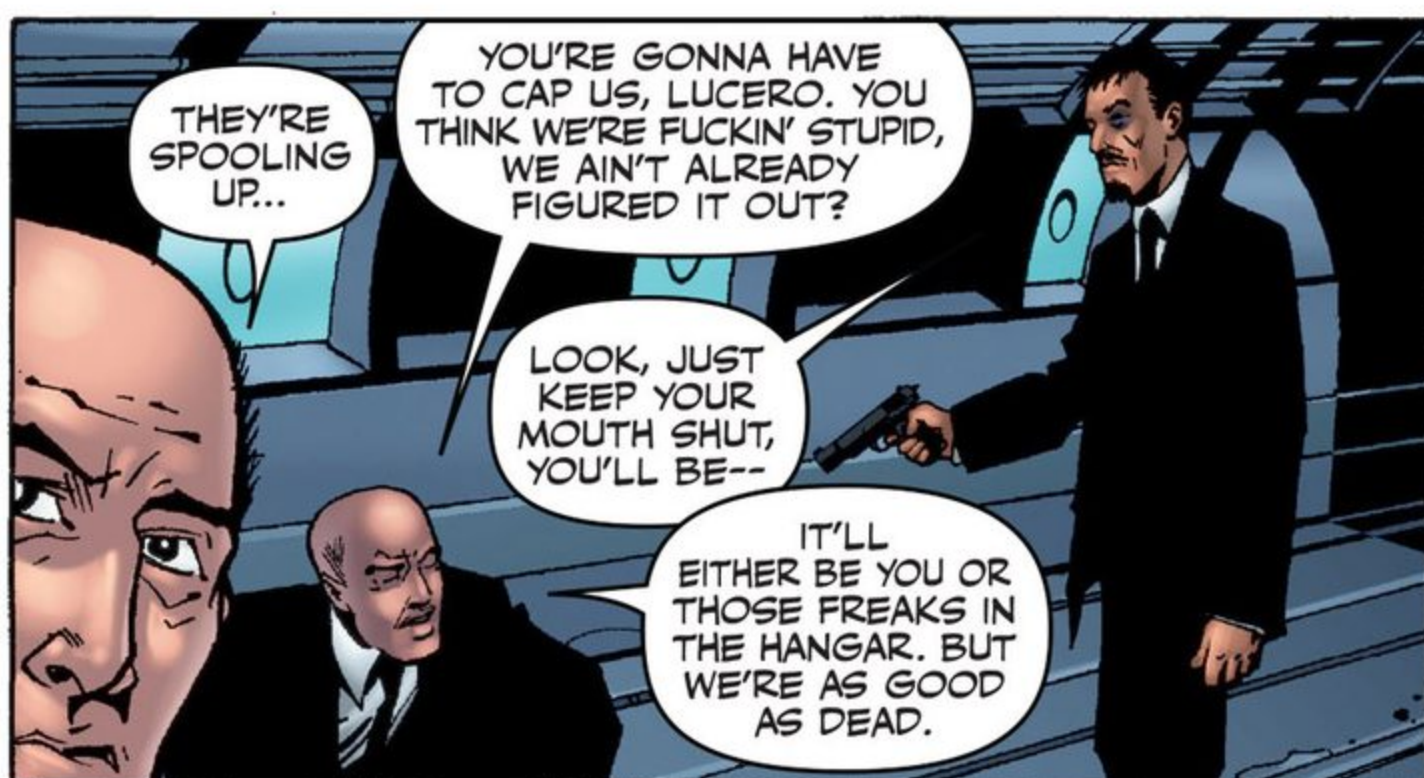
WHY
DON'T YOU
JUST FUCK
OFF?

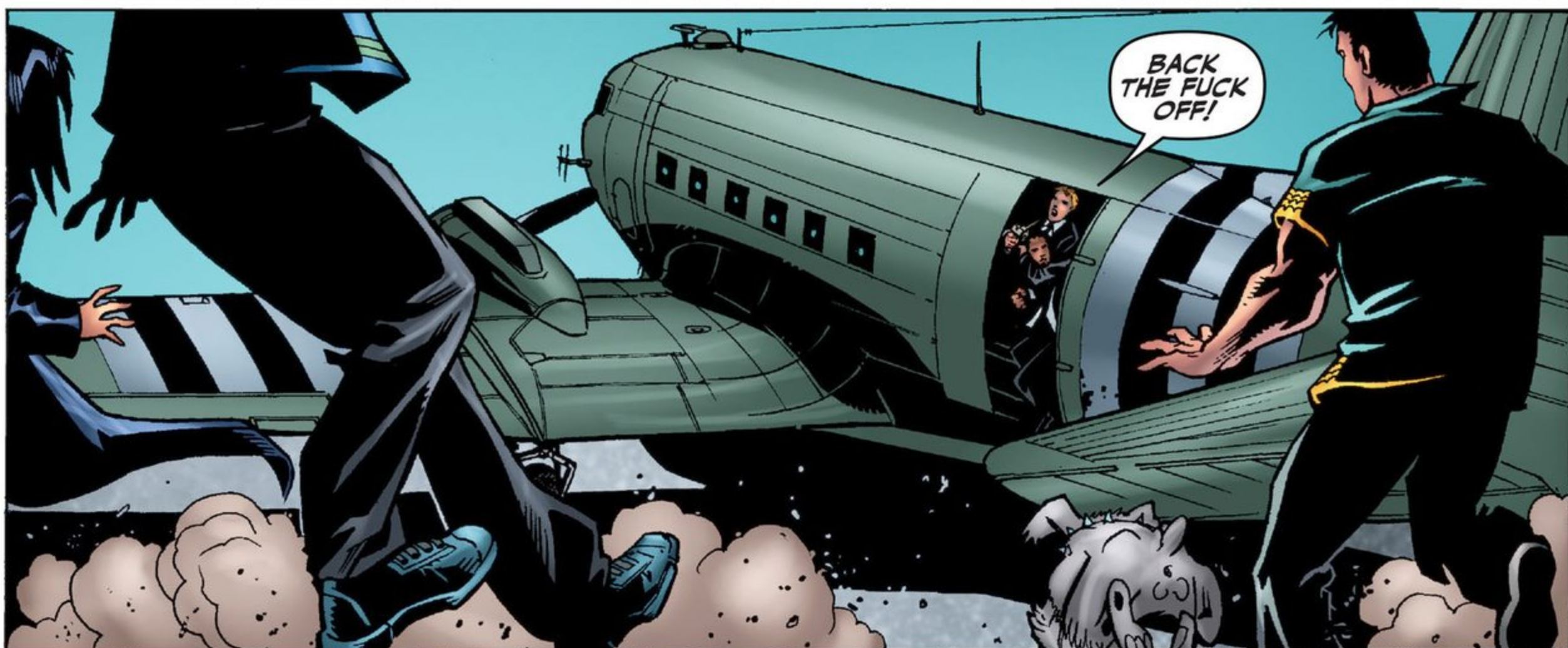


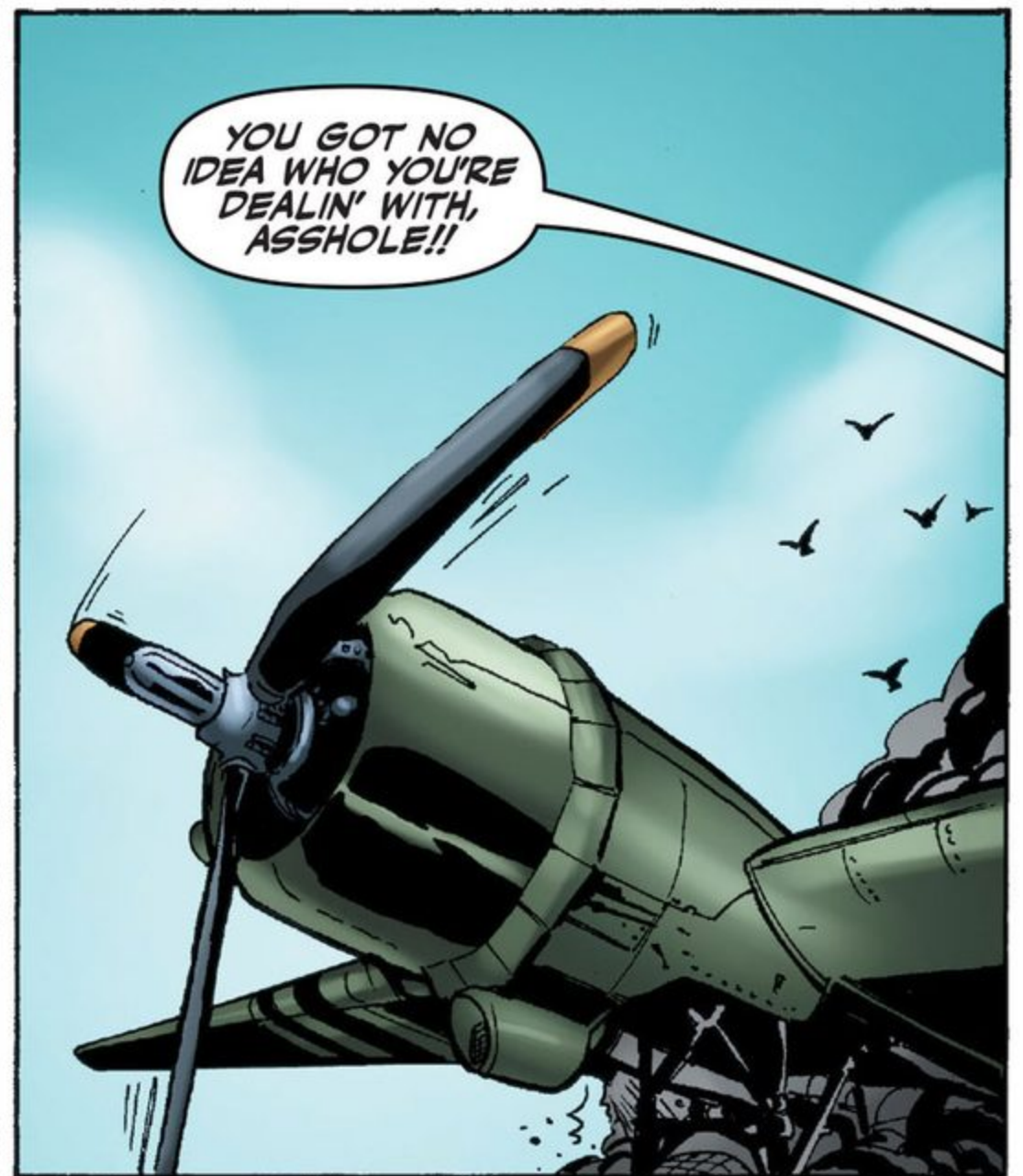
Six: GOLGOTHA

















MERDE!!



AAAAHH,
COCHON--!

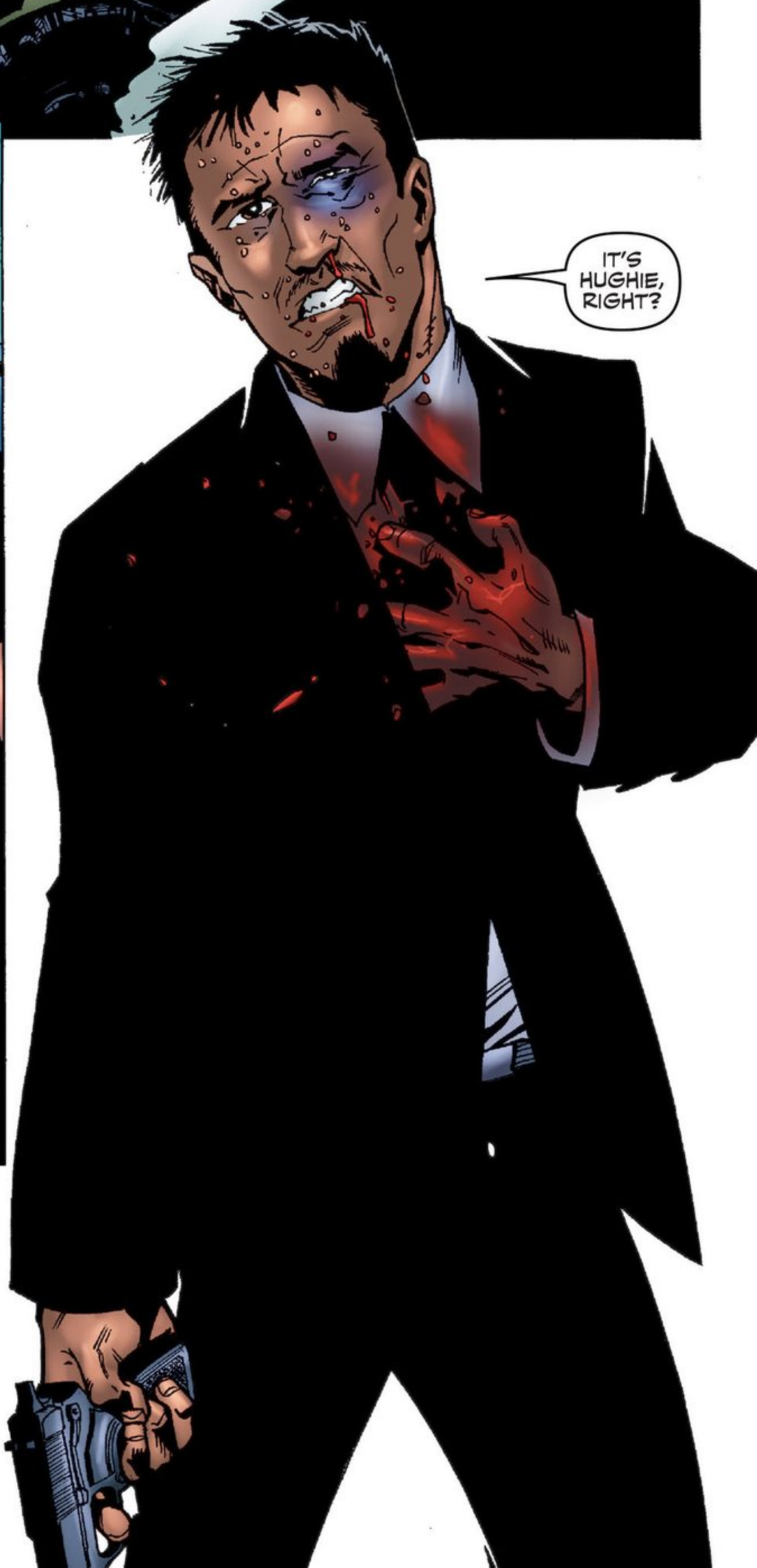
FUCK!



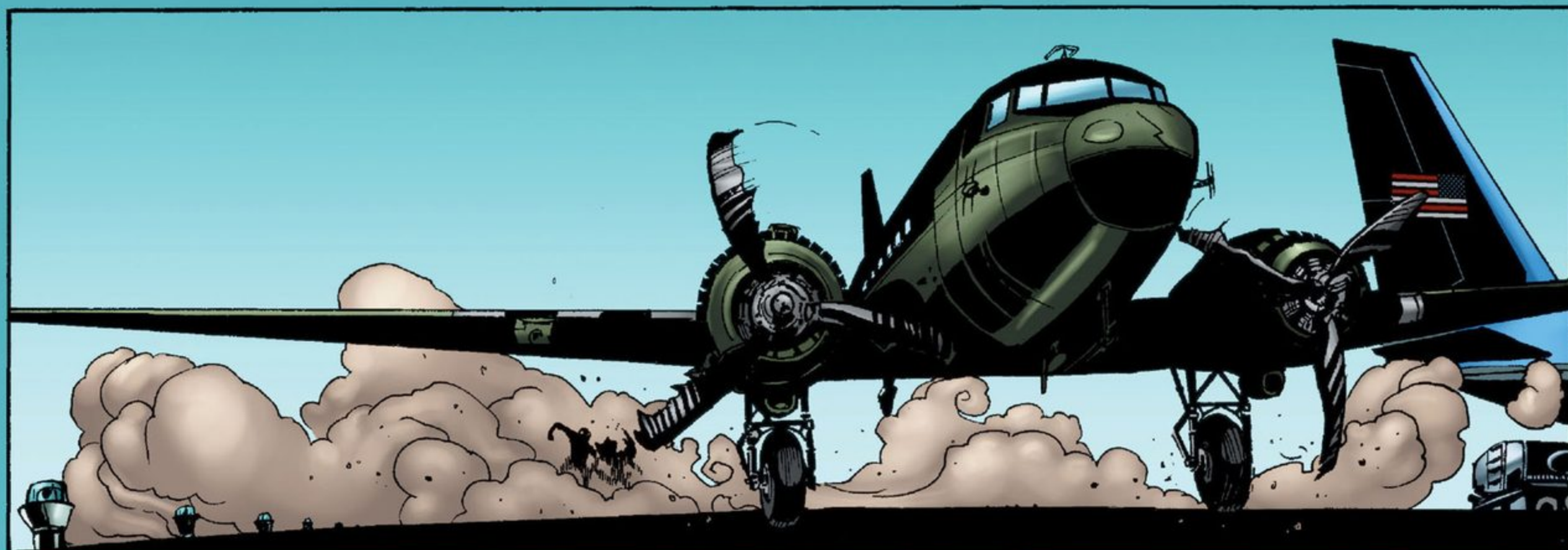
JESUS
CHRIST, THAT'S
VIC THE VEEP!
HE'S SEEN US!

VIC THE VEEP'S
A FUCKIN' MUPPET.
IT'S THAT CUNT WITH
HIM I'M WORRIED
ABOUT.

HUGHIE?



IT'S
HUGHIE,
RIGHT?



UH...
AYE...

DUBISHER
HAD A WIFE.

TWO
KIDS.



MY--
MY
WIFE HAS
ONE ON
THE WAY.



YOU MAKE
THIS FUCKIN'
COUNT, HEAR
ME--?



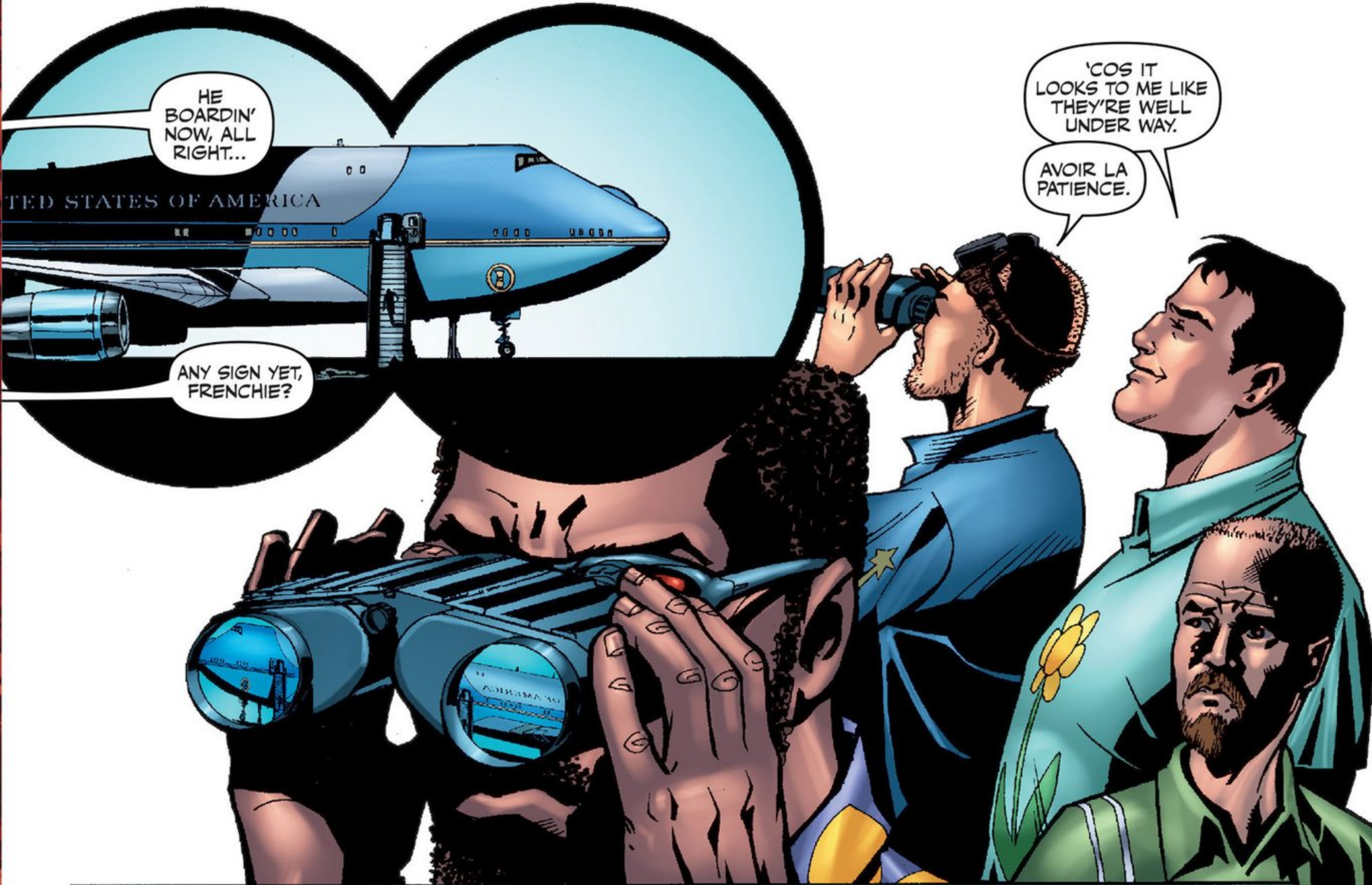
TROIS!

DEUX!

UN!!







HE BOARDIN' NOW, ALL RIGHT...

ANY SIGN YET, FRENCHIE?

'COS IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE THEY'RE WELL UNDER WAY.

AVOIR LA PATIENCE.



FUCKIN' TANKS'RE HALF FULL, MAN, WE AIN'T GONNA COME CLOSE TO MAKIN' IT--!

NO...



BUT HAWAII AIN'T EVEN THREE HUNDRED MILES. TURN ONTO THREE-FIVE-FIVE MAGNETIC AN' EASE BACK A LITTLE, YOU'RE BURNIN' TOO MUCH GAS AT FULL THROTTLE.

FINE. GO GET THE FIRST AID KIT AN' DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT MY GODDAMN SHOULDER, WILL YOU?



I FEEL LIKE JESUS!!

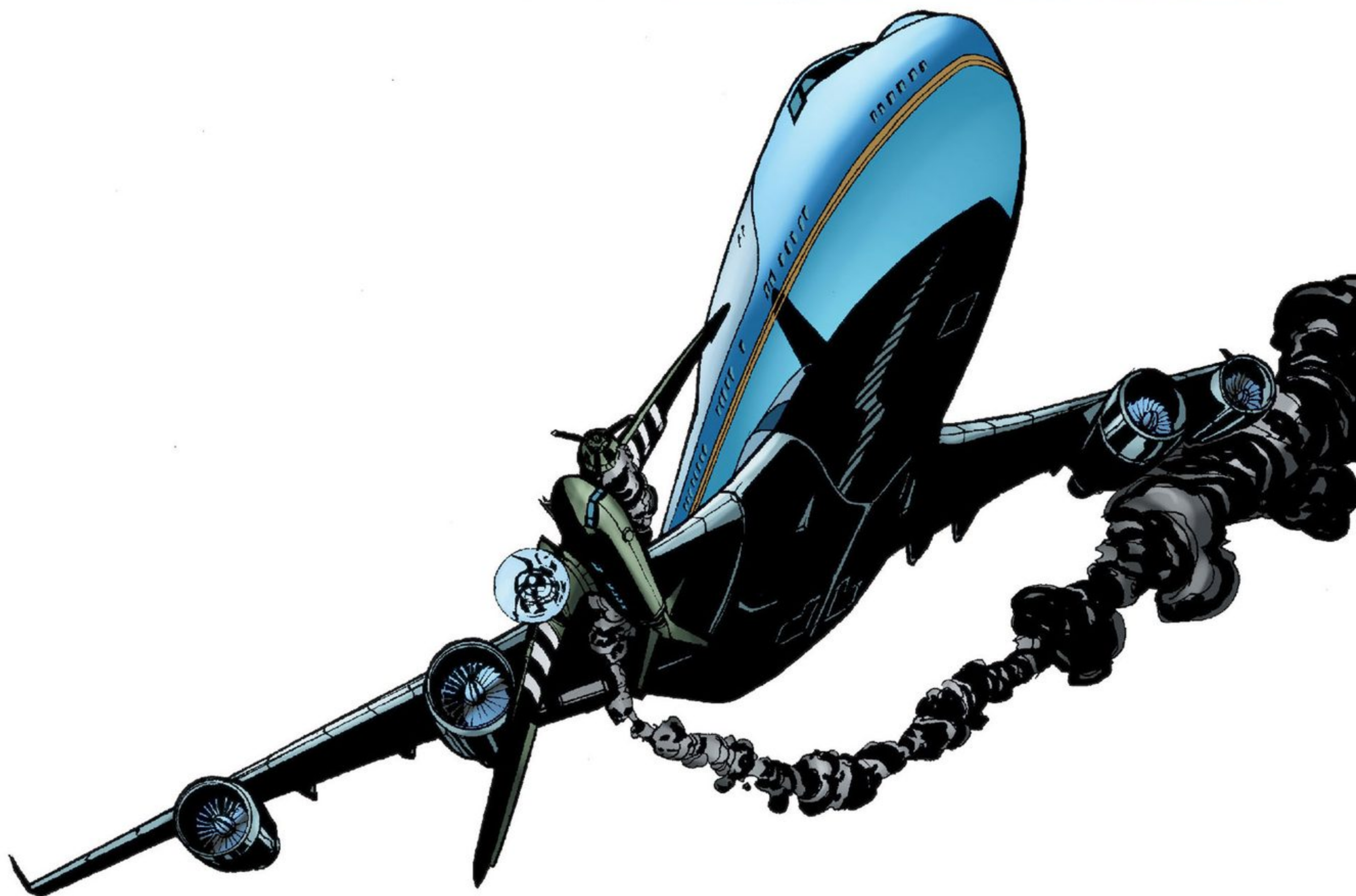


THERE'S
SOMETHING...

ON THE
WING...!



LA VOUS
ALLEZ.









MEANS
HE WAS A
SOLDIER.

DIED
SERVIN' HIS
COUNTRY.

I KNOW, I KNOW.
BRITS JUST GET A WEE
BIT SUSPICIOUS WHEN
FOLK START WAVIN'
FLAGS, YOU KNOW?



DON'T
BLAME 'EM.

MATTERA
FACT, YOU MIGHT
SAY THE MORE YOU
WAVE IT, THE LESS
IT MEANS.

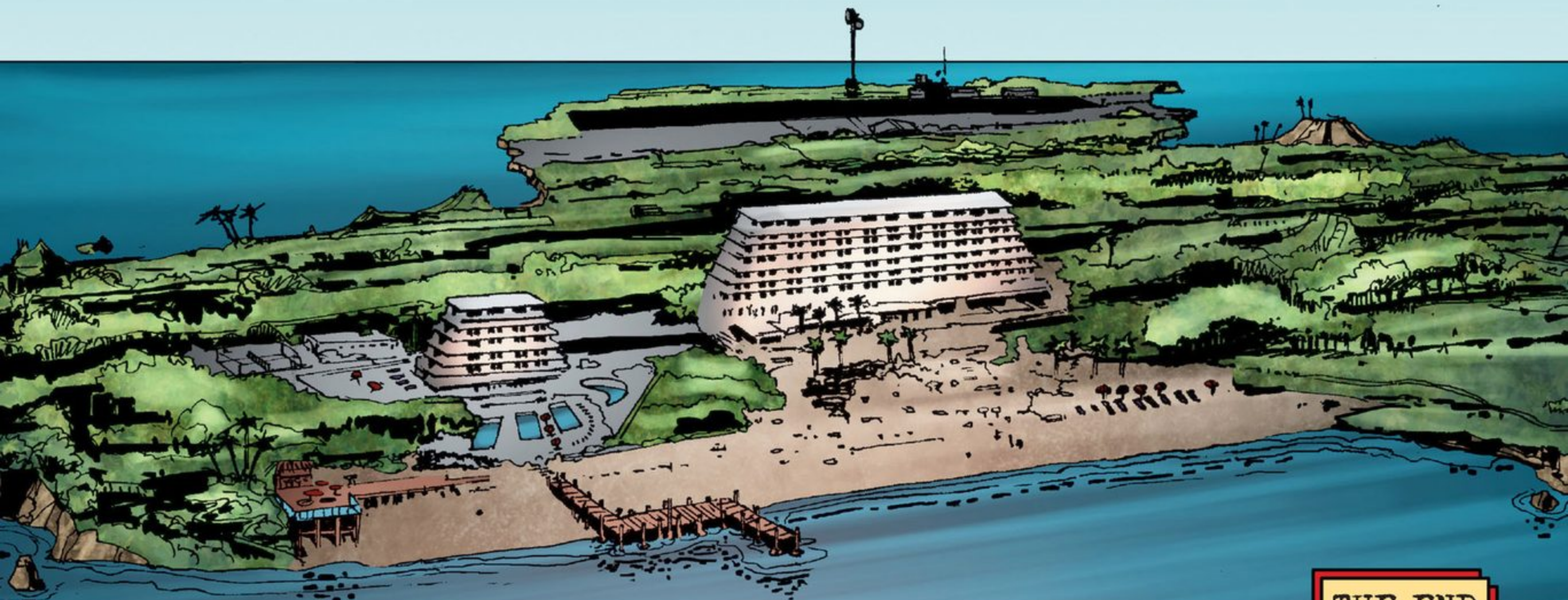
LESS YOU
THINK ABOUT
WHAT IT
MEANS.



START WRAPPIN'
SHIT UP IN IT, WEAR IT
LIKE SOME KINDA
GODDAMN SUIT...?

HELL.

"PRETTY SOON,
IT DON'T MEAN
NOTHIN' AT ALL."



THE END



GOBLIN